

Oh

no



a zine by oli ♥



When does something  
become a practice?

I am not sure I am good at  
being a queer or a tranny or a  
anything yet.

I don't even know who I like yet.  
(I thought we figured that out in  
middle school)

But I can tell you about Halberstam and  
hooks and Ahmed and Lorde and Muñoz and  
Love and Stanley.

When will it become a practice and not  
just a study?

When will I be welcomed home?

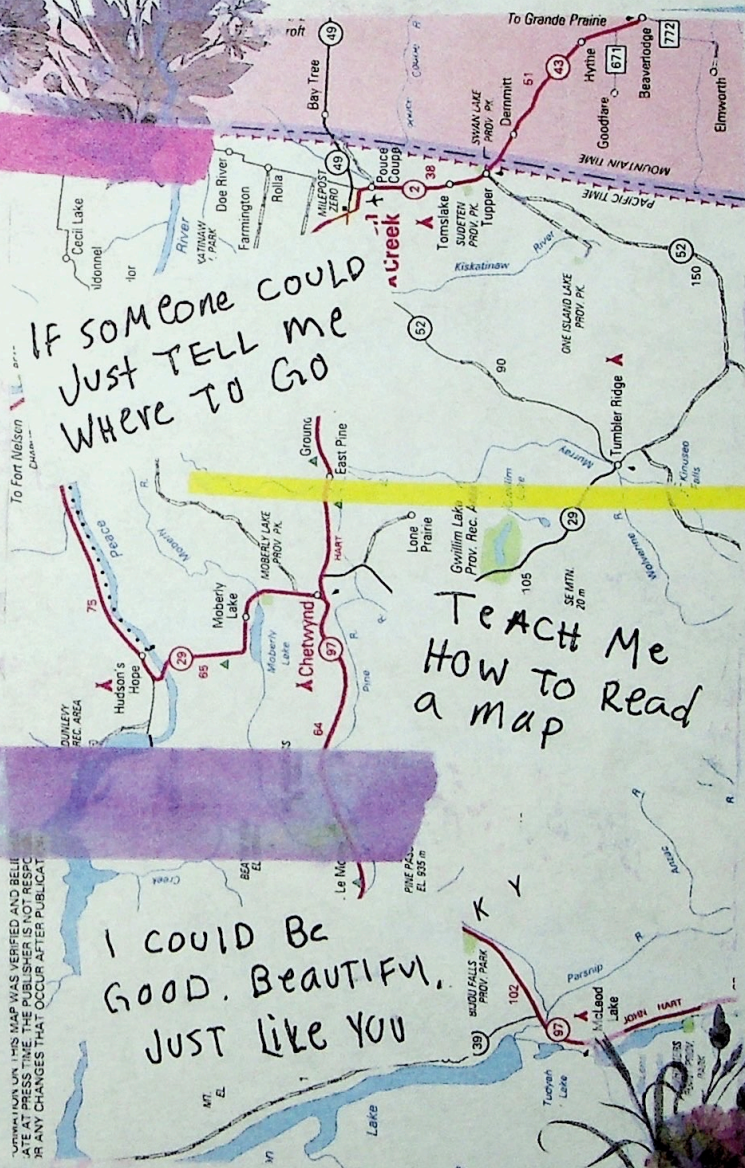


IF SOMEONE COULD  
JUST TELL ME  
WHERE TO GO

TEACH ME  
HOW TO READ  
A MAP

I COULD BE  
GOOD. BEAUTIFUL.  
JUST LIKE YOU

UNLESS INDICATED ON THIS MAP WAS VERIFIED AND BELIEVED AT PRESS TIME THE PUBLISHER IS NOT RESPONSIBLE FOR ANY CHANGES THAT OCCUR AFTER PUBLICATION



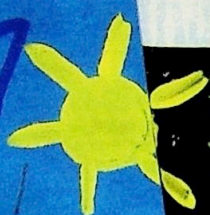




WHO  
Am I  
AGAIN?



# Are you Sad?



Me too! lets listen to some tunes!

We'll never have Sex - Leith Ross

Curse of a scene - Luke wesley Rodgers

Never love an Anchor - The Crown Wives

16/04/16 (Jacks song) - Carvelown

Hood - perfume Genius

Carlo's Song - Noah kahan

I'll be good - Jayma Young

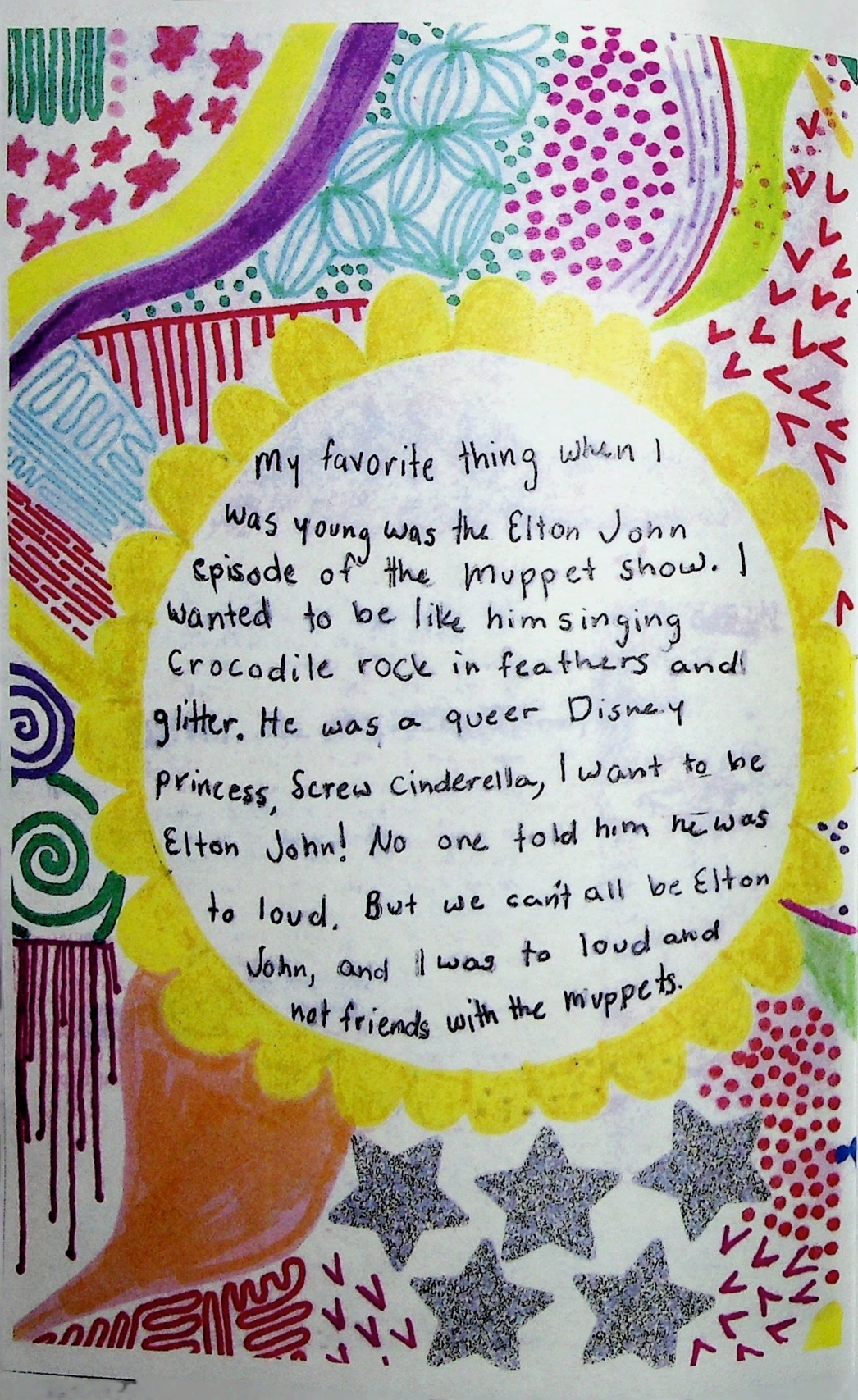
Numb Little Bug - Em Bashford

Star child - Ghost Quartet

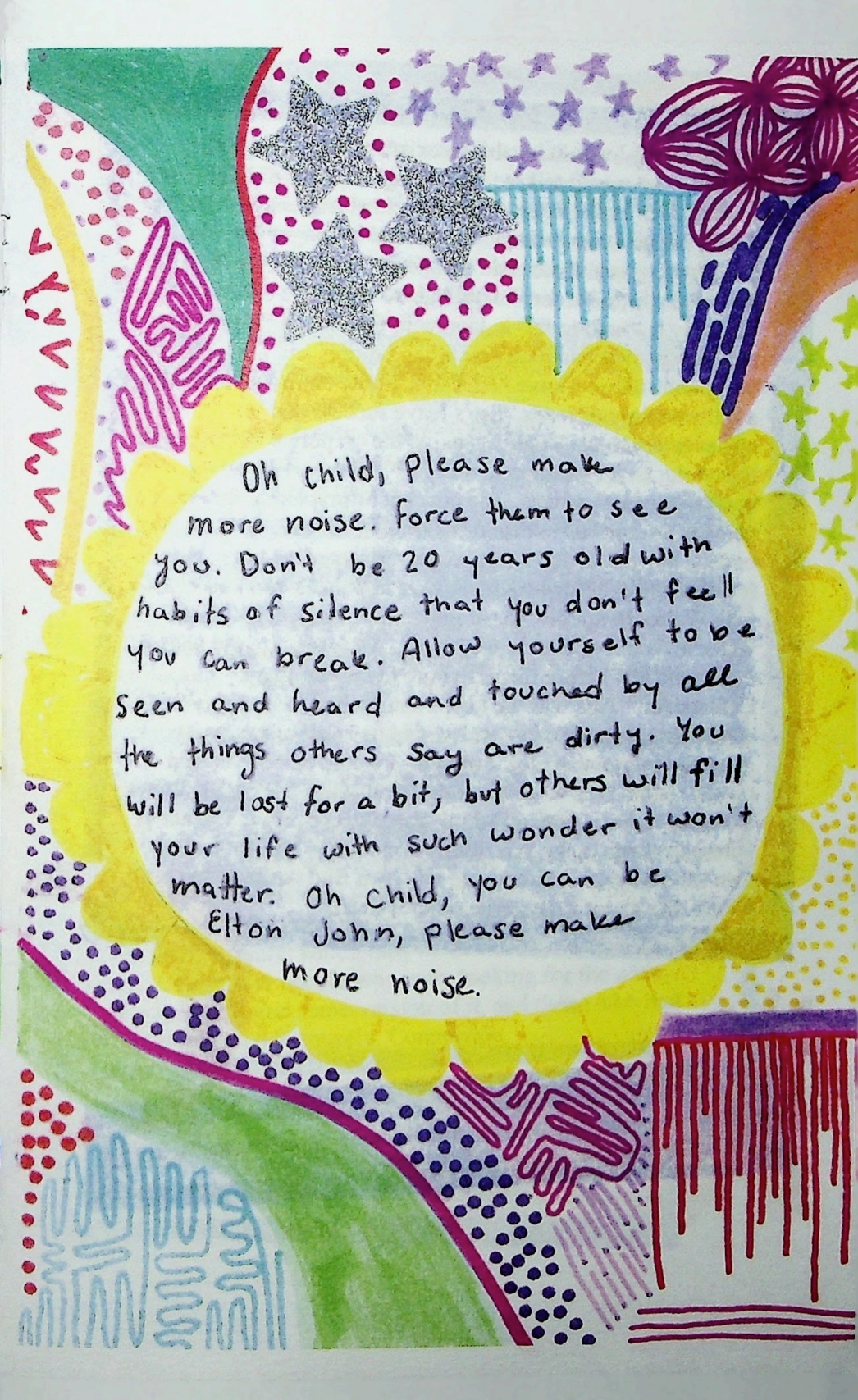
more like you - Orla Gartland

Vienna - Billy Joel



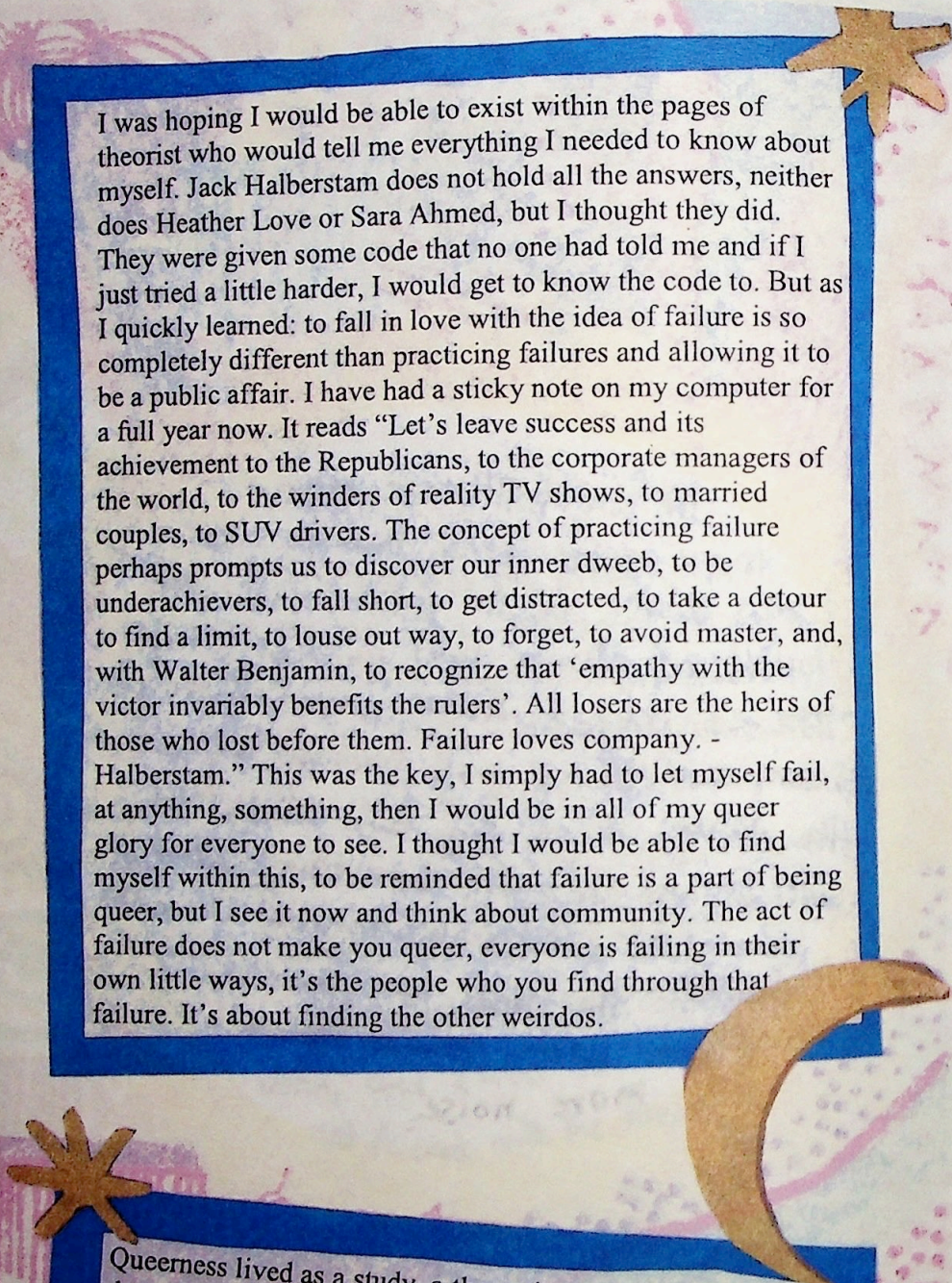


My favorite thing when I was young was the Elton John episode of the Muppet show. I wanted to be like him singing Crocodile Rock in feathers and glitter. He was a queer Disney Princess, Screw Cinderella, I want to be Elton John! No one told him he was too loud. But we can't all be Elton John, and I was too loud and not friends with the Muppets.

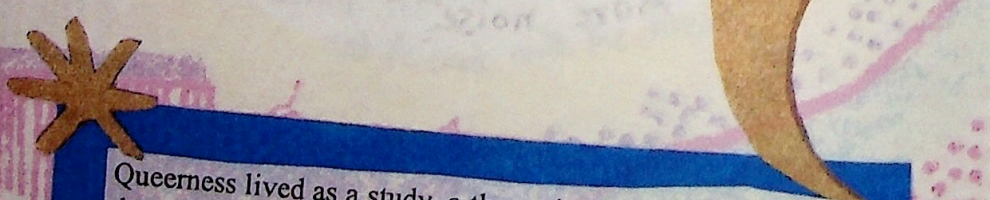


Oh child, please make more noise. Force them to see you. Don't be 20 years old with habits of silence that you don't feel you can break. Allow yourself to be seen and heard and touched by all the things others say are dirty. You will be lost for a bit, but others will fill your life with such wonder it won't matter. Oh child, you can be Elton John, please make more noise.

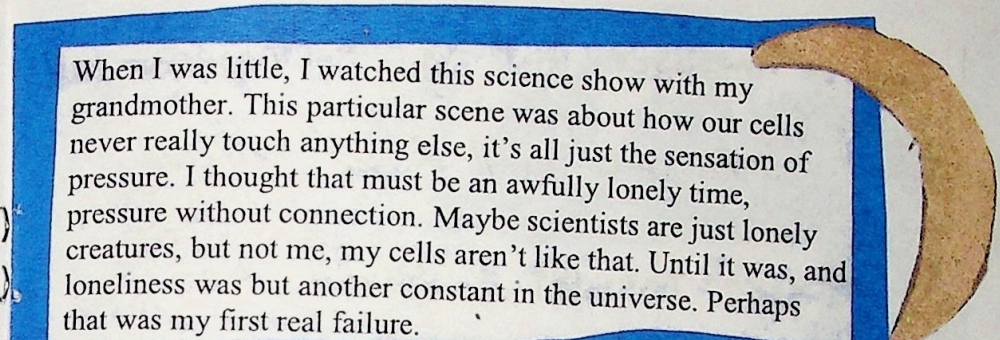




I was hoping I would be able to exist within the pages of theorist who would tell me everything I needed to know about myself. Jack Halberstam does not hold all the answers, neither does Heather Love or Sara Ahmed, but I thought they did. They were given some code that no one had told me and if I just tried a little harder, I would get to know the code to. But as I quickly learned: to fall in love with the idea of failure is so completely different than practicing failures and allowing it to be a public affair. I have had a sticky note on my computer for a full year now. It reads "Let's leave success and its achievement to the Republicans, to the corporate managers of the world, to the winners of reality TV shows, to married couples, to SUV drivers. The concept of practicing failure perhaps prompts us to discover our inner dweeb, to be underachievers, to fall short, to get distracted, to take a detour to find a limit, to louse out way, to forget, to avoid master, and, with Walter Benjamin, to recognize that 'empathy with the victor invariably benefits the rulers'. All losers are the heirs of those who lost before them. Failure loves company. - Halberstam." This was the key, I simply had to let myself fail, at anything, something, then I would be in all of my queer glory for everyone to see. I thought I would be able to find myself within this, to be reminded that failure is a part of being queer, but I see it now and think about community. The act of failure does not make you queer, everyone is failing in their own little ways, it's the people who you find through that failure. It's about finding the other weirdos.

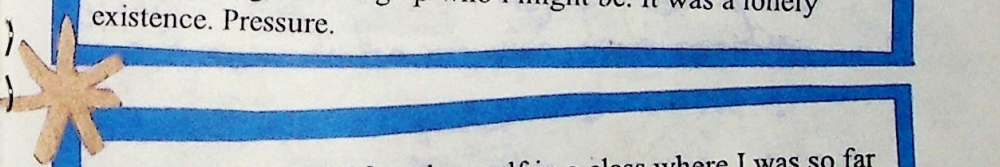


Queerness lived as a study, a theoretical, a puzzle for me to decode, pressure.

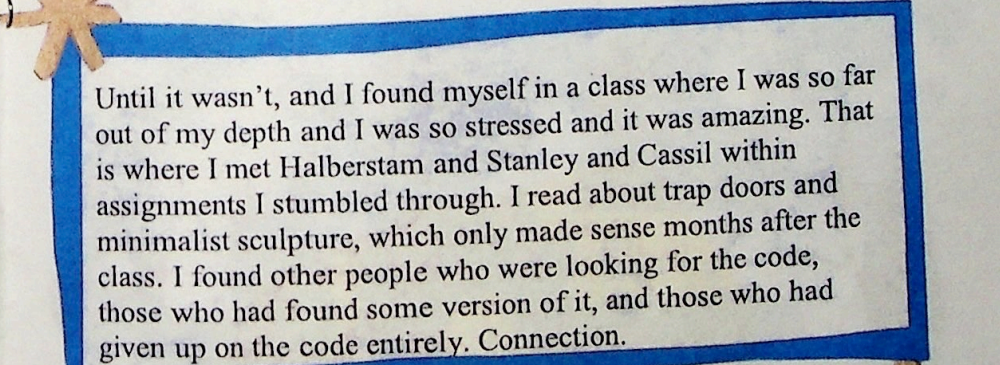


When I was little, I watched this science show with my grandmother. This particular scene was about how our cells never really touch anything else, it's all just the sensation of pressure. I thought that must be an awfully lonely time, pressure without connection. Maybe scientists are just lonely creatures, but not me, my cells aren't like that. Until it was, and loneliness was but another constant in the universe. Perhaps that was my first real failure.

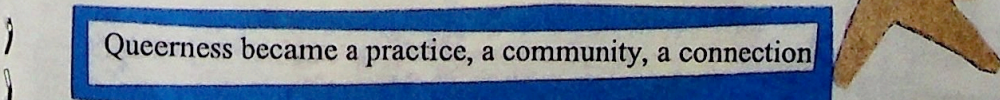
I was a strange child (I know big surprise) who never felt connected to others pressure without connection. I played the parts I was given well, musician, student, witty and charming and well-read and over prepared for everything. Pressure.



And then I left, no longer at the mercy of Fort Mill, SC, but it was too late. Those parts I was given had woven themselves into my being, clouding up who I might be. It was a lonely existence. Pressure.



Until it wasn't, and I found myself in a class where I was so far out of my depth and I was so stressed and it was amazing. That is where I met Halberstam and Stanley and Cassil within assignments I stumbled through. I read about trap doors and minimalist sculpture, which only made sense months after the class. I found other people who were looking for the code, those who had found some version of it, and those who had given up on the code entirely. Connection.



Queerness became a practice, a community, a connection

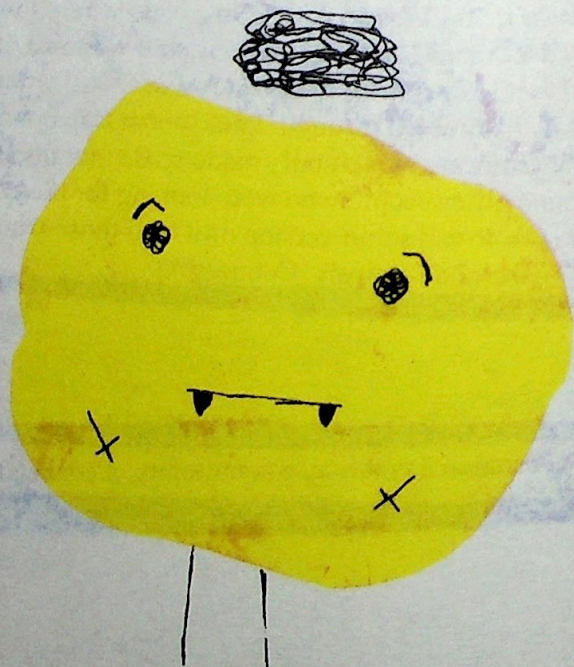


I am a monster hiding, waiting scared  
that some one will find out.


I never thought I could be  
anything more. But there is  
to much beauty in the world to  
reduce one person down to monster.

Maybe I could be better.

I wish I could stop the world  
please let me catch up







I am joining the ranks of those

who came before me

for we are the

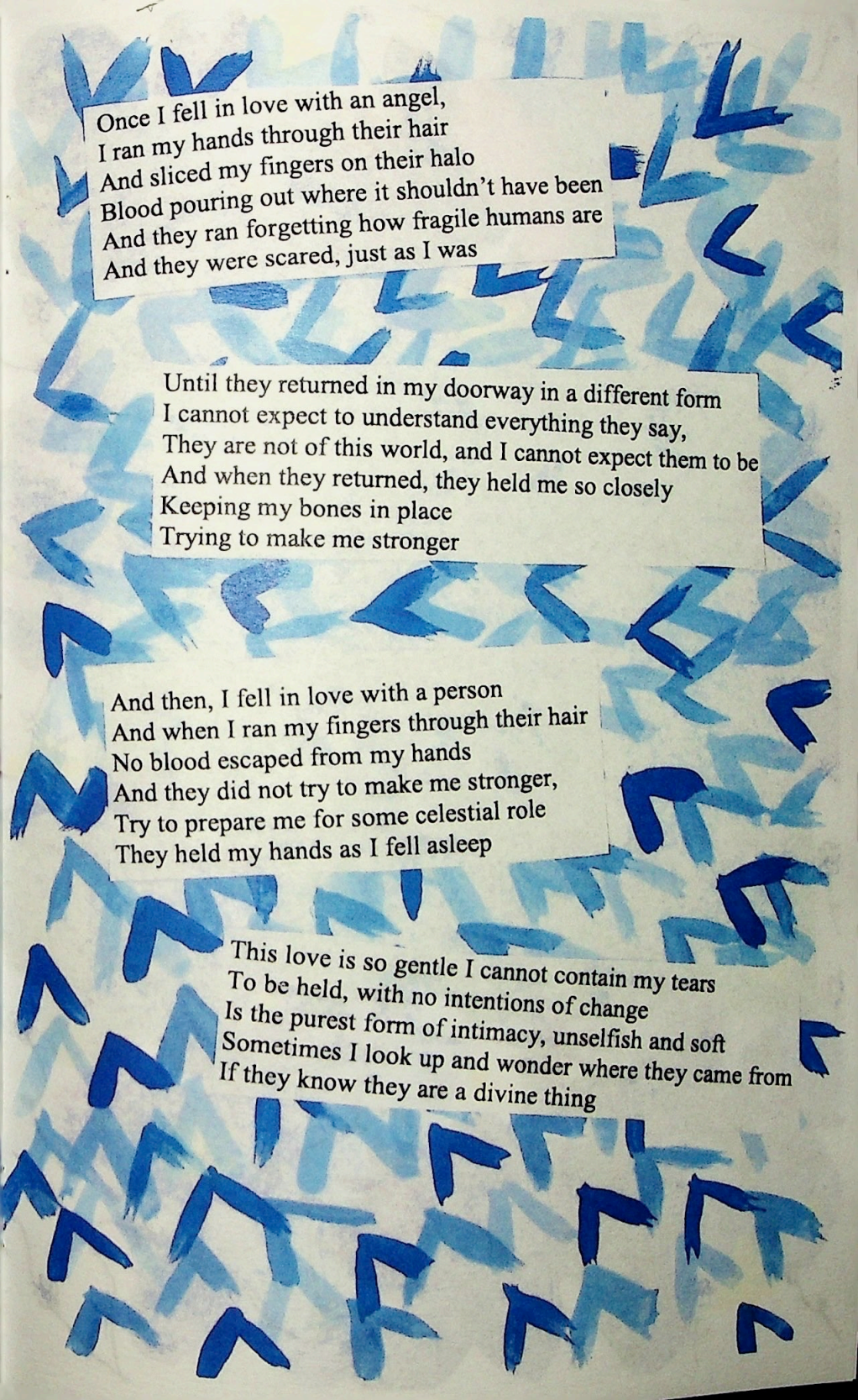
Blessed ones



The older I get I see how much we  
need each other. We turn to our  
elders, the same way they turn to us,  
looking for guidance, directions, where  
to go next. We are both proof of  
the future, that one will exist and  
that one can exist. It is mutual,  
this need for the other, for we  
both hold the maps to heal our wounds.  
I wonder what they see in us, if they  
see the same fight we find in them.

We are tied together, a broken mirror  
of everything that will be and  
could have been, and through this  
we need each other



The background of the entire page is a dense, repeating pattern of blue brushstrokes and arrows. The arrows are stylized, pointing in various directions, and the brushstrokes are thick and expressive, creating a textured, artistic feel.

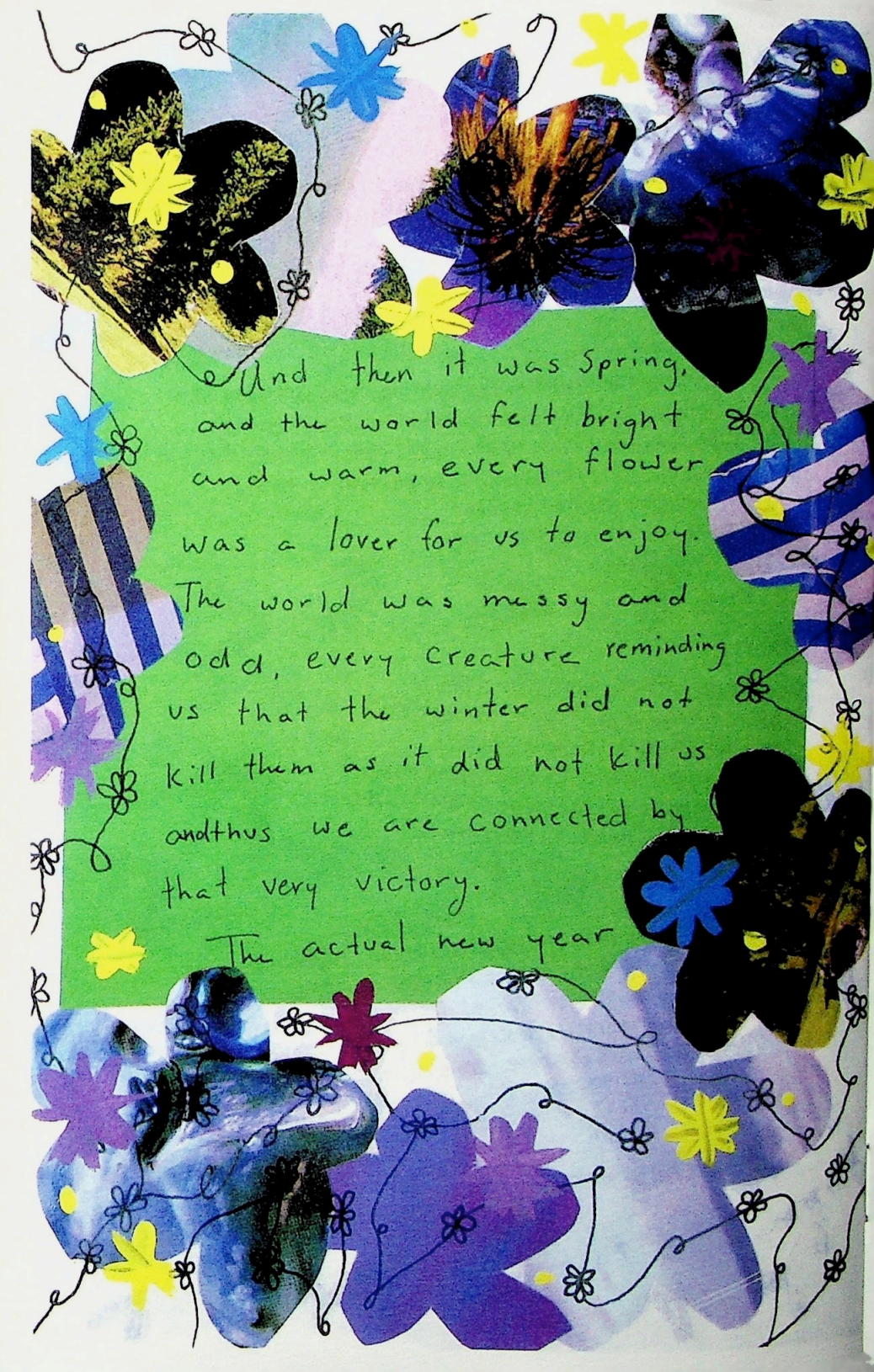
Once I fell in love with an angel,  
I ran my hands through their hair  
And sliced my fingers on their halo  
Blood pouring out where it shouldn't have been  
And they ran forgetting how fragile humans are  
And they were scared, just as I was

Until they returned in my doorway in a different form  
I cannot expect to understand everything they say,  
They are not of this world, and I cannot expect them to be  
And when they returned, they held me so closely  
Keeping my bones in place  
Trying to make me stronger

And then, I fell in love with a person  
And when I ran my fingers through their hair  
No blood escaped from my hands  
And they did not try to make me stronger,  
Try to prepare me for some celestial role  
They held my hands as I fell asleep

This love is so gentle I cannot contain my tears  
To be held, with no intentions of change  
Is the purest form of intimacy, unselfish and soft  
Sometimes I look up and wonder where they came from  
If they know they are a divine thing



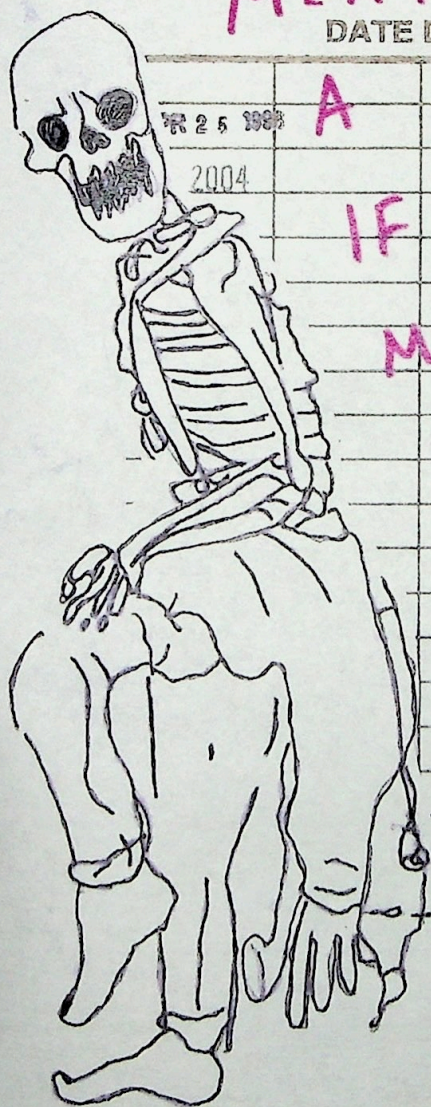


And then it was Spring,  
and the world felt bright  
and warm, every flower  
was a lover for us to enjoy.  
The world was messy and  
odd, every creature reminding  
us that the winter did not  
kill them as it did not kill us  
and thus we are connected by  
that very victory.

The actual new year



I'D SHUCK THIS  
MEATSUIT LIKE  
DATE DUE  
A CORN HUSK  
IF I COULD,  
MAKE NO  
MISTAKE  
PAL.



Let us remember we  
are defiant acts of  
creation!



Bleh

People are  
gross.



unless ur queer jk ILY

Pls be my friend

@Sharky.baity #2747